PAINTED HIMSELF TOO WHITE.

Tender Young Thing Inspired Only Motherly Solicitude.

After he had fallen upon his knees and kissed her hand she said: "Before I answer yes or no there are some things I would like to ask you. Do you ever drink or gamble?"

"No," he eagerly replied. "I do not know what the taste of liquor is. I have never defiled my lips with tobacco. I have never uttered a profane word in my life. I have never even played euchre where a prize was at stake."

She looked at him thoughtfully for a moment, drew a long sigh, and then asked:

"Have you ever broken a woman's heart?"

"Ah, how can you ask me that?" he almost reproachfully answered. "If I had ever spoken words of love to another I would not deem myself worthy to touch the hem of your garment. I have never cared for anyone but you; I have never kissed any woman except my mother; I have never given any girl cause to utter one sorrowful sigh; yours is the first dear, soft, little hand that I have ever held in my own; never before to-night have I looked into any girl's eyes as I am looking into your deep, soulful eyes; never—"

"O, dear," she impatiently interrupted, drawing her hand away from him, "it's after eight o'clock, and you shouldn't be so far away from home at this time of night. Wait a minute, please, and I'll see if I can't get my brother Tom to go with you. Your mamma must be terribly worried." — Chicago Daily News.

HE PAID THE CHARGES.

A guest who had just registered at the Shirley hotel the other afternoon was approached by a boy with a telegram. It had one dollar charges on it.

"What!" said the guest, before opening it. "A dollar charges! I won't pay it. Anybody who cannot pay for his message when wiring me is certainly a cheap one. Wait a minute! I'll just let you report this uncollected and the sender may pay the charges."

At that he tore the envelope open. As he read a smile settled on his face, and, pulling a dollar from his pocket, he handed it to the boy.

"It's all right," he said.

Then he threw the message on the counter. "eRad it!" he said to C. T. Newton, the clerk. The message read:

"Papa's little girl sends him 50 bushels of love, and wishes he was home to kiss her good night. Nellie."—Denver Post.

STRIKING.

"And the clock struck two."

A PARTIAL STRANGER.

An attorney in Philadelphia, who makes a specialty of prosecuting suits against railway companies growing out of injuries due to accidents on the line, tells of the trouble experienced in the cross-examination of an Irish witness. This witness had evidently been carefully coached by counsel for the company, for when the question was put to him: "Was the man found on the track a total stranger?" the wary Celt replied:

"I should say not, sor. Seein' that his left leg was gone, I should say that he were a partial stranger."

AGE AND PERSONAL CHARM.

An amusing discussion recently took place between an artist and an author as to at which period of life a woman was the most fascinating. According to the artist a woman would not be painted between the ages of 25 and 40, as she was in the greatest transition period of life; the author, on the other hand, declares that she is at the height of her fascination and beauty between the ages of 30 and 40. The question is still unsettled.—Bremen Zeitung.

Letter From Dr. Gosewisch.

Gold Mining Camp of Searchlight, Nevada. Oct. 27.h, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR:

It is now twenty years since last I spread my feathers throughout the pages of the INTELLIGENCER, and although my old friend Mr. Aller, who so favored publishing letters written from odd corners of the earth from old Lexingtonians, has passed into the beyond, I send these few items as though he were there to receive them as of old.

This coming metropolis is situated in the south triangle of Nevada—called the golden triangle. It the midst of a forty mile square mineral territory—the "Searchlight District." It is the continuation of the mineral belt extending from Tonopah, Goldfield and Bullfrog, past here and south through Arizona and New Mexico. Among the many mines here is the "Quartette," the third greatest free milling gold mine in the world, having ten million dollars in gold quartz blocked out in its subterranean workings which extend beyond a thousand feet in depth.

Four miles south of here is the range of mountains through the passes of which Colonel John C. Fremont came on his way to the shores of the Pacific in the forties, guided by Kit Carson, a famous scout in the early days. Carson, had as a boy been before over this far west trail in the company of several old trappers who got no farther into California than San Bernardino, where the mission fathers met them, told them to come no farther. "Back! back! said the old padres—you must go back," which they were compelled to do. Thus Carson had been twice over the route ere pioneering the Fremont expedition safely to the western sea.

Three miles east of here is Summit Springs,—water seeping from a mountian top and for years the only known water on the desert for many miles. Two hundred feet away from the springs and on the southern slope of the mountain yet remains the arrastra or stone quartz mill, built and worked by John D. Lee of mountian meadow massacre fame. All will remember and have read of this occurrence of the early fifties when a party of mormons, disguised as Indians, massacred a company of emigrants after they had surrendered their arms to the mormons on promise of safe conduct through the latter's territory. He was hidden far away here from civilization and thought to pass his remaining years lost and forgotten. Here are still to be seen traces of the trails over the mountains along which the little burros brought the rich ore, the gold of which was ground out in the stone mill he built. Many explorations have been made along the now all but obliterated mountain trails by late prospectors in the hope of locating where the yellow harvest was secured by the mormons to supply the mill. Whoever finds the source will be rich beyond dreams. As they had few facilities in those days in the sagebrush country for deep mining, it is supposed to have been secured from near the surface of the ground, packed miles over the mountains by trains of burros to the mill at this spring and there ground to powder between the heavy stones of the arrastra. As the refuse of the mill—the ground rock that was thrown away and washed down the gulch—on panning even now shows heavily in free gold, what must the fresh ore brought here on burros backs have contained in wealth.—the crude arrastra doing its work but fairly compared to the saving methods in vogue today. So here Lee worked—away from all the world and doubtless thinking he had become but a memory. But the strong arm of the United States Government reached to even these mountain fastnesses and desolate wastes and he was caught, taken to Utah, tried, convicted and shot by a file of the U. S. soldiers in '78, about twenty years after the massacre. Colonel Frank M. Thomas a former Lexingtonian, is here, interested like every one else in mining. He has taken up and moved one of the great stones of the old arrastra to his camp. It is a red colored parphyry, extremely hard. The finely polished upper side is used as a seat. Using it as such I am writing this now, sitting on a stone chiselled by the hand of John D Lee, one of the leaders of the mountain meadow massacre, a stone shaped by a man so closely associated with one of the most tragic incidents connected with the history of the United States. What thought goes through ones mind can be imagined. All about is the desert—sand, rock and cactus, glowing under an insufferable heat—broken at intervals by lofty mountain ranges, vast, desolate and grand, the mountains of the old silver, and now new golden, state. Grey old Nevada, whose grim old rocks are whispering secrets of untold wealth of the glittering metal.

From where I sit at the doorway of the tent, the Colorado river is in view twenty miles eastward. A treacherous stream holding in its bosom many a mystery of the past, flowing silently on to the California gulf, glistening like a silver band in the glaring sunlight, and far over and beyond it—three hundred miles away can easily be seen the long high range of mountains in central Arizona that overlook the far famed grand canyon.

Piute in view—their towering purple summits sublimely beautiful—as though but ten miles distant, so clear is the desert air. The heat in summer is terrific. Eggs are fried by breaking and placing them upon the tire of a standing wagon wheel. Canteens of water are carried by every one, on ever so short a journey. The air is so dry that one dries up if not keeping the system continually saturated with water. Lost propectors are found years later, their skin like parchment around the bones. If a traveler is found water famished, though still livable, and recovers, he usually recovers as an insane person, a kind provision of nature to render one unconscious of his sufferings ere death. Water cannot be hauled from the river to any advantage as a team of horses drink half of what they are able to pull on the trip up and the other half on the way back leaving none for the man at camp. 'Tis said a prospectors watch has been known to melt and run down in his boat while making his way over the torrid sands.

The have a rodent indigenous to this country called the "trade rat." He brings into your tent a piece of mesquite twig or thorn of cactus or a peer of a Joshua shrub, etc. Brings it in and deposits it on the floor, and on departing takes away with him an old nail, old piece of shoe sole, old broken buckle, or piece of leather strap or whatever else he can find around loose. Many efforts have been made to train them to bring in gold nuggets to trade for rusty nails, etc, on the floor, but so far all has been vain. They were so numerous around the camp and disturbed ones blissful and recuperating slumbers so, by continually knawing at ones toes at night that Mr. Thomas on his last return from Los Angeles brought along a good old family cat, who not only made short work in our neighborhood but who has since brought us eight kittens. Her progeny have gone back to nature in a surprising degree—they are wild and cautious, thin, gaunt and wirey with tails nearly twice as long as a domestic cat. The influence of the untamed shows in them at the first generation they attack the prowling coyote in a bunch with ferocity, and are strongly imbued with the "howl of the vast" nature. While "abundance" (the mother cat) remains the same gentle tabby as of yore.

A remnant of apache Indian still linger pathetically in camps on the bank of the Colorado river maintaining a precarious existence by occasionally boating prospectors across to the Arizona side and over to this the Nevada's. Col. Thomas often rides down there to purchase fuel from them in the shape of drift logs and branches which they catch on dry. They return his visit soon and often by appearing at his camp in numbers, lining up in front of the door and crying out Lo hungry! Lo's squaw hungry! Lo's pappooses hungry! Which (did they but know it) is a waste of words for the desert Indian always is the perfect picture of abject hunger, his looks alone are sufficient.

Albert Megede, son of Lexington's old time jewelry merchant, is here interested in several mining properties We all hope he will make his millions, return to old Missouri and pave Lexington and Richmond's streets with gold.

One of your fair young daughters, Miss Allie Eagle, now living in Los Angeles is heavily concerned in several of Searchlight's gold mining companies and will either make a fortune or sink her wad.

The old Russel, Waddell and Majors style of stage coach is still used here to bring the passenger traffic the forty miles from the present railroad terminus, an extension of which will be completed into Searchlight within two months, and so the day of the historic old stage coach is numbered even here.

Respectfully,
DR. GOSEWISCH.